

Roxbury, Dec. 16, 1877.

My Dear Fanny:

I have not forgotten that this is the anniversary of your birth — completing your 33d year, I believe. In view of it I meant to have written you a long letter of congratulations and best wishes; but these must be expressed almost in a single sentence, as we have had an unusual number of callers to-day, and so my time has been occupied until this brief period before the mail closes. Consider yourself always as in the very core of my heart, and that the arms of my affection and love are ever entwined around your neck. May your future be crowned with blessings, and your life extended to "a green old age," that you may see your children grown up to adult life, and your grand children outnumbering those of your father!

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This is a month of birth-days,  
in which we take more or less interest,  
either through kinship or affection. Har-  
old had his on the 3d inst. Mine was on  
the 12th. Yesterday I paid my respects  
to dear old lady May, as it was the 90th  
anniversary of her birth, and found her  
with her faculties clear, and in a comfort-  
able state of health. To-day is your turn;  
to-morrow is the poet Whittier's; and on  
the 27th inst. occurs the 90th birthday  
of our good friend William Ashby at  
Newburyport.

Next Saturday evening I hope  
to be with you, in anticipation of  
Christmas and the New Year.

Hoping that you and Harry are  
both freed from your colds, and wish-  
ing any amount of affectionate re-  
gards to be given to Helen, Harold  
and Oswald, I remain ever  
Your most loving Father.



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